nodes of expression, has been cruelly neglected in other parts of the civilize world, and particularly has this been the case among affiliated peoples. It is not so is that they have not looked upon it at all They have simply ignored it, and for long the Fatherland has felt rather sore about ne matter.

Coldest, most negleotful most disdainful, most scandalously ignorant of German art and artists, has been Great Britain. It strue that America has made some amends but they are not altogether satisfactory. Last year America bought from Germany pictures to the value of rather more than 200,000, but most of them came from Munich, Bavaria; and how should that conole Berlin, Prussia?

Moreover, America has a great German population, so it is possible that the Fatherand's pictures were, after all, bought in, as it were, by the family. That's how it when you are feeling sore; everything is

vanity and vexation of spirit.

It still remains to be said that what Great Britain failed in was not merely appreciation, but reciprocity. The Father and has bought British pictures for year and years.

Now, however, Great Britain is trying to te good. Three exhibitions of German art may be seen in London at the present time. There is also one of Austrian art, and what is Austria but a name?

Great Britain is really doing the thing handsomely, if rather late. Of course it is absurd for near relatives to be standoffish and snappy. Perhaps affairs will mend Let us be warily affable. Hoch!

The exhibition most interesting to connois seurs, but least so to the general public. is that of early German art, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The club is an association of connoisseurs and collectors, and their exhibitions, consisting of objects lent, are organized solely for their artistic interest and have nothing to do with commercial

The objects now shown, pictures, drawings, illuminations and works of the jeweller. dsmith and the wood carver, are mainly of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. About the beginning of that time there began to be a German art, a departure in alistic direction from the types of late Gothic art. The many German schools of painters, each having its centre in some town, and often differing widely, had so much in common that they then began to replace the type, the generic present-ment, by the portrayal of individual human beings.

Later the early Germans fell under foreign influences, largely Italian, but not before they had shown the way to the great Dutchmen of the seventeenth century. You have only to look at the work of Adam Elsheimer, who died in 1620, to understand how greatly he influenced Rembrandt, born

Farter figures; the great ones; wer Dürer, Holbein and Lucas Cranach; but Holbein and his immediate followers are not represented in this exhibition. The two others are well represented.

Most of the paintings are either portraits or pictures of a religious kind, and it is curious to note how often it happens that the name of some able artist who produced many existing pictures is unknown. His works are recognized by their likenesse to one another, much as you might say letters that they were in the same handwriting and yet not know who wrote

Then the unknown painter is called after his best work. Here, for example, one of the most remarkable pictures is a "Deposition From the Cross," by the "Master of the St. Bartholomew Altar." Of pictures recognized as being his work, about a dozen in all, altarpiece, a triptych, now at Munich, and from this he gets his name.

It can furthermore be said with certainty that he was working from 1490 to 1515 and that he was one of the greatest personalities of the famous Cologne school. A certain Dr. Peter Rinck paid him as much as 250 gold gulden for the St. Thomas altar triptych, now in the Cologne Museum. Doubtless he also went to the Netherlands, for one of his pictures is largely a copy of a work by Roger van der Weyden, now in Berlin, but then in Middelburg.

This "Deposition from the Cross," lent by the Hon. Edward Wood from the Temple Newsam Collection, is a composition of nine figures, painted on a gold background. Two men on a ladder let down the body of Christ from the Cross, and Joseph of Arimathea receives it. The Virgin, supported by St. John, and a Holy Woman are on the left, while on the right are Mary Magdalen and another Holy Woman.

All these figures are remarkable for the energy of their characterization, the realistic expression of grief, the tears that rain from their eyes, and they are more than remarkable for their costumes, presumably an exaggeration of the height of contemporary fashion. Take, as instance, Mary Magdalen, who presses her hand to her head in a paroxysm of grief.

Her dress, minutely painted, is of scarle and gold brocade, her mantle of rich green, her head dress of filmy lace, her shoes of crimson. Her bodice is cut low and jewels border the hem of her robe. Pearls are in her red hair, and a pearl pendant hangs at

The other figures are hardly less gay in

their attire, and the effect of the pale, drawn figure of the dead Christ among all these brilliant costumes is extraordinary. Of course, however you are conscious of certain lack, not of ability, but of fine taste. You may say that it was long ago, four centuries, and that the standard of taste changes. Yet when you come to the modern exhibitions, and have been impressed by energy, cowerful characterization, realism, technical resources, you are still conscious of a certain lack, not of ability, but of fine taste. And in the old time there were more exceptions than

Then, too, many works of art were inspired by fervent piety, perhaps awkwardly expressed, yet absolutely sincere. The fashion survives and the expression is skilful enough, but now the sentiment is the hollowest of affectations.

Moder : German art, pictures, drawings, prints, a little sculpture and some objects of art, is shown at Prince's Galleries, knightsl ridge—a more or less official exhibition, the result of an invitation extended by representative artists of Great Britain to those of Germany. The other German exhibition is of Munich fine art, nearly 300 pictures, arranged by Messrs. Heinemann, at the Grafton Galleries. Several painters are represented at both shows.

Menzel, Böcklin and Lenbach stand out is the great figures, though it is only Lenbach who is well represented. He was, of course, the most incisive portrait painter of his time.

for the men of blood and iron. His various ments of Bismarck and Moltke and portraits of men with features stern or strong are wonderful in their way, and he knew just when to leave off.

This method is not suited to every oody, and what you see in many portraits s an unsuccessful attempt to suit the sitter o the method. The artist would supply the sitter with a character.

Attempting to present women as almond eyed and fateful, he often made them only meretricious.

In his great power there was a strange morbid element, and in this he appears at times to have revelled. There are cer tain Lenbach portraits which make sensitive people feel as though there blew upon them a cold wind from a charnel house. His view of life was not sympa

Of the marvellously industrious Menzel, a master draughtsman, one must say that his view of life was prosaic. Now most of us do not need an artist to tell us that life is prosaic. However well or poorly we may say it, we are already painfully aware of it, and would wish him rather to persuade for a little time to forget the fact.

Böcklin asks us to forget. He takes us nto a world of his own, constructed largely out of Italian landscape and peopled with mythological and legendary creatures, centaurs, fawns, nymphs, dragons, sea snakes tritons, mermaids. His conceptions are highly poetic, but their rendering is apt to be somewhat too realistic. Naturally it presupposes both an exceptionally power ful imagination and great technical ability to be able to present such subjects in a convincing manner.

The fact is, however, that you do not quite vant to be convinced. Much of the value of these legendary creatures, existent chiefly in literature, is the mystery attaching to hem, and in their pictorial presentmen you would wish something of this to be reserved. Had Carrière, for example painted such subjects there would have been he needful reserve; but Böcklin planks hem down in the full light of day.

Nevertheless this is of its kind a notabl chievement, and one can well understand the popularity of Böcklin's work in Gernany, where the landscape is dotted so thickly with sanitariums and statues of Germania, and peopled so largely with oldiers and police.

After all it is not the fault of the Fatherand that this particular child, the late Arnold Böcklin, chanced to be born in Switzerland and to spend most of his life in Italy; and if his present vogue was prepeded by the bitterest antagonism, is it not atoned for by the fact that if you now want any kind of little painting by Böcklin you must pay something like \$10,000 for it?

Of course Böcklin's best pictures are not shown here, and if one may judge from the newspaper notices, the London critics have never heard of them. Here he is represented by a "Pietà" and by the "Gefilde der Seligen," both lent by the Berlin National Gallery; and everybody familiar with the artist's work knows that these are not thoroughly typical.

He spoiled the fine "Pietà" by introducing group of angels, these being memory portraits of his own dead children; and in the other picture he encountered certain technical difficulties which necessitated either sacrificing a happily painted background or exaggerating the force and coloring of some foreground figures. He chose the latter course. The Londoners take these figures as typical of Böcklin.

se three artists have many followers. Carl Marr, professor in Munich and born in Milwaukee, sometimes shows a good deal of Lenbach influence, but it exists more strongly and less happily in the worl of Leo Samberger, also a Munich prolessor. Most German painters appear to be professors. Few appear to take to heart the old couplet:

Professor werden ist nicht schwer, Professor sein dagegen sehr.

To follow Menzel is still more difficult, his amazing technical accom plishment, not obtrusive in any particular direction. Menzel was probably the first painter of the peasant as he is, and in this he was followed by the late Wilhelm Leibl, who, however, finally developed a more sympathetic style. Considered as painting, the head of this artist's "Young Peasant, lent by the Berlin National Gallery, i

Böcklin is imitated by a host of painters one of the most famous being Franz von Stück. Just what Stück might remain if all the Böcklin were subtracted is difficult to estimate, but it would apparently be a very little one in the way of individuality. He vulgarizes Böcklin, dealing largely with the passions of Böcklin's world, the crimes, murders, rapes that might have happened

Some time ago he painted the death struggle of two centaurs for the possession of a woman. Now he shows another "Fight for the Woman," the combatants being two primitive hairy men. The woman stands by, waiting the issue.

The three nude figures are bestial, and the scene is gloomy night-quite appropriate to the subject, in fact the whole thing is in keeping and painted with considerable realistic power. The picture is, necessarily, loathsome.

This is, however, an effective method of calling attention to one's self, and that is evidently what many of the artists are tryng hardest to do. Whatever mannerisms have lately distinguished groups of painters in other countries may be seen here, commonly in an exaggerated form. "The same ines of goods, only rather better and much cheaper. We are quite up to date. Please

come to our shop. Several individuals, of course, have no share in producing that general impression, and among them one notices gratefully Hans Thoma, Ludwig von Hoffmann, a fine decorative painter; G. Sauter, Rudolph Hellwag, Walter Leistirow, Heinrich Zügol, the animal painter, and Fritz Baer, who shows unusually powerful pictures of mountains.

The portraits of Fritz August von Kaulbach also possess individuality and signal ability, though his presentments of women are often somewhat voluptuous. He shows an excellent portrait of Cléo de Mérode, the belle amie of a certain continental king. The famous demimondaine is seated in a landscape, chiefly sky, and wears a big black picture hat, a pale primrose dress, cut a little low at the neck, a slender gold chain wined thrice around her neck, and a black

boa about hor shoulders. She has a pale oval face, big, languishing black eyes, slightly pouting lips, and the demure coiffure which she made so fashionable. The figure is left profile and the

face turned nearly full, head slightly tilted. In the tapering fingers of a little hand lying carelessly in her lap you may notice something significant. They look grasping, almost rapacious. She seems to have verlooked that, and only that.

The Knightsbridge exhibition has been very well arranged by Prof. Van de Velde of Weimar, and an additional picture to be mentioned in the other one is an "Old Church in Holland," by Frank S. Hermann, who Incisive is the word, for in his forceful expression of character there is something shown is technically good. Max Klinger is now represented only by soulpture. POEMS WORTH READING.

The Senjor Partner Speaks. I guess," said the junior partner of the firm to the senior gray, "We'd better get a new bookkeeper and turn old Grimes away. But the senior partner halted the up to date, his And his eyes they fairly sparkled through the mist "And are you done
With your hanged newfangled fancles and your
hurry up and crush?

're pushing things, it seems to me—and I say there ain't no rush." But the junior partner fiddled with his pen and softly said: rimes is too old to keep the books." "He never has lost his head." But he's out of date and slower." "And true as steel, and square." He's a fossil of old style business, and a back horse

hen the senior partner, nettled at what the young femmed and hawed and settled down in a heart to heart instead: "There was a time, my laddle, when Billy and I were young: Twas years and years and years ago when both of

worn and bare."

us lads were flung. late the strife and hustle of life ere you were born-And he and I both pegged along together from early morn.
had the better backing—Billy had none at all; so I got the lead-but Billy stayed on summer, spring winter and fall.

Fifty years together, with never a task undone

Between us two. Does Billy get out? He doesn't not on your life, my son! "And there is another reason why Billy Grime There was a hitch some years ago when your old non needed 'tin.' Twas only a paltry bundle to save me from the crash;

But Billy went down in his weasel, son, and dug up the good old cash.

And he's been a silent partner ever since that same When he furnished grease to make the wheels go 'round in the glad old way.

We were a pair of ponies that never have learned

to shirk: Side by side we trotted along, and we both ar still at work. Ain't no sentiment, sonny, in businessiike affairs?

our thin gray hairs. can't get along without Billy, and Billy can't without me. And if it's a split—why, let her split; but Billy stays on, you see. HORACE SETMOUR KELLER.

> The Apiary. Here the winged honey seeker Pours from out his brimming beaker Clover essences, and fine Nectar from the columbine Here is found the rare fulfilment Of ambrosial distilment; Ne'er was more delicious hoard From Olympian chalice poured-Burden from the lily cell: Guerdon from the pimpernel: Filchment from the larkspur tall, And the rose imperial! Who, at such divine delight, Would not turn a Sybarite Linger o'er the attared cup Till the latest star be up! Join in rouse and revery At the Tavern of the Ree. CLINTON SCOLLARD

Trailing Through the Red Desert. From the Denver Republican. The wallows are white edged with alkall,
Like the foam uncaked on a dead man's flps;
Two tiny clouds hang in the sky.
As the doldrums might hold two helpless ships

The sand in the hills is red, blood red, (Oh, Godi for a dash of the cooling rain!) And the foreman reels as he rides ahead And the limping herd moans in fear and pain A thousand steers have dropped in the trail Since we drove from the last scant water ho And the boys in the saddle are weak and pale, And grim despair rides the foreman's soul.

But still he rides on in the furnace blaze, With the winding herd, anakelike behind; And his keen eyes pierce through the dancing To the hope that his heart has but ill defined So lead, lead on 'neath the desert's spell With your dying eattle and half crazed men; They have followed you into the maw of hell And the lucky shall follow you out again!

Ups and Downs on the Road It's easy to drive an automobile

And the engine is chugging away. It's easy to steer the pondero It's easy to start and stop;

It's easy to drive an automobile When she's anxious to sail along When she thrills to feel the life in her keel, And is chugging her highway song. It's easy to fly down the boulevard
When there's nothing your speed to mar,
But it's hard to bowl when a telegraph pole Runs carelessly into your car. JOE CONE.

The Song of the Thermometer. Hurrah for the merry midsummer days! Hurrah for the shimmering sheen! Three cheers for the weltering July haze That hangs o'er the pastures green!

Oh, here's to the red bot sun above And the white hot pave below.

When even Cupid, the God of Love.

Grows faint in the noonday glow! Here's hall to the blazing stretch of sang That borders the summer main, And gives out heat with a lavish hand.

And never a thought of gain! Here's hall to the blistering mountains high That now in the red sun's glare, Grilled, roasted, baked and scorching lie In the grip of the sizzling air!

Ah, blessed times indeed are these-Ablaze are my inward fires As I mount up to those high degrees Toward which my soul aspires JOHN KENDRICK BANGE

Somewhere.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel There's a whisper in the branches of the heaven rearing pines. And a purple blossom smiling from behind the cling-ing vines; There's the chaster of a chipmunk, as he leaps from tree to tree, the daisies yonder whisper; "Come out here and play with me." While

There's a path, a winding sibbon, just the clove That goes stealing through the meadows to the distant pick'rel pond:
There's the cool, dank, grateful shadows; there's the lasy, droning hec. And I fancy them a saying: "Come out here and play with me."

There's an orchard where the fragrance of the fields comes illting sweet, Where the sod is velvet tenderness to pavement weary feet; There are songs, without restraint, from aongsters winging to the blue.

And each feathered throat is singing of its song at me and you!

There's a quaint, old fashioned garden with its peas and hollyhocks.
And its blushing, loving roses, timid pansies, flaming phlox;
And a sweet old fashioned lady, with a blossom in her hair. Winding in and out among them, watching every one with care.

And the dear old fashloned lady, with her crown of wavy snow.

Beams a smile and hums a love song as she patters to and fro. to and fro.

And it's oh, so sweet—the dreaming! They're so much of life a part.

For they've somehow found a dwelling here within For they've somehow a rugged beart.

A Serial Poem

Sam Wilson in Hasel Green Herald. Bruce Pieratt loves the horses His father has for hire. And claims one for a javorite His little heart's desire. Old Jim, is what they call him, A fatthful nag is be. And fills the programme on the road While galloping along so free.

Alas, the day will soon arrive
When there will be a change.
Bruce will go to a blue grass
Old Jim, another range.

To picture such a parting scene In my declining years Would melt my heart to tenderness And blind my eyes with tears.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who is regarded as the patron saint of the law? It will sot be sufficient to cite adversely to my query the common designation of "the Devil's own," for surely in the former days of plety some provision was made to assign before the ultimate court of last resort some pleader for the great race of attorneys and counsellors, advocates and proctors in admiralty, jurisconsults and even the pestilent ahysiers.

JUNIN UTRIUSQUE DOCTOR.

alysiers. JURIS UTRIVEQUE DOCTOR.

It has been a long, a tollsome, even a desperate search to discover the patron saint of the bar. Yet at the end he has been discovered. He is Sayves-Heliori, born of a gentle family in 1253 at the Breton manor of Kaer-Martin, died at Lohanee in 1993. His studies were pursued at Parts, at Oricans and Amelia and Ameli and finelly at Reanes, where he entered official life eventually being transferred to Treguler. The earnestness of his pleading the causes of the widow and the unfortunate earned for him the honorable surname of "the advocate of the poor." Bisho Alain of Bruc raised him to the priesthood an lesignated him rector. From that time on he cor secrated himself to the service of the poor. Howas canonized, in 1347 in the pontificate of Clement VI. at Avignon. "The tribe of lawyers have assumed him for their patron," is the mischlevour. comment of another Breton lawyer of a later epoch M. de Kerdanet. The same authority assures u that St. Yves is the only lawyer known to have at it the gate of paradise in a train of many num se St. Peter demanded:
"Enter then; heaven is full of your sis"
"Enter then; heaven is full of your sis"
"Enter then; heaven is full of your sis" St. Peter demanded: "Who are you" Then addressing himself to St. Yves: "And you "Lawyer." • "Come in; we have never had till now a man of law." St. Yves found his way in all right

but a day arose when there was a pettifogging inquiry into his title deeds and the effort was made to expel him from paradise. "I will not resist," said the saint, "but it is necessary that service of the writ of my expulsion shall be made upon me by a bailiff." Needless to say, the legend conclude they were never able to find a bailiff in heave In the breviaries of Vannes and of Rennes is foun this fragment of a hymn in his honor: Sanctus Yvo

Advocatus Et non latro Res miranda Populo.

To settle a controversy please decide if there is or has ever been a United States shilling. A. McC. So are as concerns the minted money the answer s positive that the United States have never coine shillings. But in the broader sense the shilling was for the better part of the last century the con mon unit of reckoning, a domestic holdover from colonies issued bills of credit, never taken at sterlin par and subject to varying degrees of depreciation at different times and in different places. Whe the Federal Government recast its financial as rangements upon the decimal system of the dolla the shilling remained as a designation for severa sums which were fixed for the several States ! the last general quoiations of the paper of the precedent colonies. The cheapest shilling of al was the York shilling, in use in New York, North Carolina, Ohio and Michigan, computed at 1214 cents, or eight to the dollar, the Colonial bill of credit being worth only \$2.50 to the pound sterling The Pennsylvania shilling was 13½ cenis, and such was the reckoning in New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. The New England shilling ran siz to the dollar, or 16 2-3 cents, and this value held in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois Missouri, Mississippi, Florida and Alabama. It Georgia and South Carolina the shilling was con puted at 21 3-7 cents, or 4 shillings 8 pence to the The shilling remained the customary un of domestic marketing here in New York unt long after the civil war and is still met with.
interesting survival is its use in the notati of commissions on the Stock Exchange, where o all places one would think that real money would be preferred to the funds of memory. ~

Long years ago my granddam used to croome to sleep with slumbras repetitions to som droning hymn tune of the words "Byeloe baby byloe baby, byloe bye." Not poppy nor mandra gora, nor any drowsy syrup of the world was even half so hypnotic. But from what language is the burden derived? Not English, I know, for I hav hunted the dictionaries before appealing to TH SUN.

Speech need not be English or any of its dimly re ceding ancestors back to the beginning of the race to be a true language for the mother and the bab-in the swaying cradie. That combination of vow els, the consonants may vary or even vanish, is wonder working sleepmaker the world aroun From the frozen north to the belting band of heat that rings the earth's greatest girth, in the lodges of the nomad and the palaces of the great, babes for ages have been stilled by it to sleep. It has not altogether escaped the profound learning of the makers of dictionaries, for it is to be found entered as bylow, balow and balou. Percy's "Reliques

Balow, my babe, lye still and sleipe, it grieves me sair to see thee weipe. It is taken from Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament

An article from the London Chronicle speaks of the Duchess of Hamilton, the beautiful Miss Gun-ning, who married two dukes, rejected a third and was the mother of four more. Can you print a Elizabeth Gunning was the second daughter

John Gunning of Castle Coote in the county of Roscommon, her mother being the Hon. Bridget Bourke. She was renowned as the beauty of her time, and to deceiful favor and vain beauty she added the graces of heart and mind. In 1752 she became the wife of James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, becoming a widow in 1758. In 1759 she married John, fith Duke of Argyll. In 1776 she was created Baroness Hamilton in her own right and died 1793, survived by her husband. Her two sons the Hamilton line became the seventh and eighth dukes of that house, and in the Campbell house she was the mother of the sixth and seventh dukes of Arryll.

What is the full meaning and derivation of the word garage?

J. F. B. Like so much of the motor terminology the word an immigrant from France concerning which it is be said that it has taken out at least its first pape of citizenship and may in time become wholly naturalized with the probable pronunciation somewhat rhyming with carriage. Even in French the sense is so new as to have escaped all but the very latest dictionaries. It is a derivative of the French word care, which in its several rallway uses may refer to a switch and siding, to a track platform or to a station. In the motor language te is applied to a place where cars may be stored

In the early records of Albany their appears reference to the arrest and fining of a number of residents of that place on January 9,1678, for planting a scandalous tree in front of the premises of Magistrate Pretty for performing a certain marriage. There are also other references of a similar character throughout the early records. Kindi inform a reader what a scandalous tree was, who significance there was in planting one in front of magistrate's house and where and how the custor originated.

An interesting branch of forestry which seems thave escaped the attention of the authorities. It is hoped that some reader may be induced to she light on this picturesque custom whether in For Orange or elsewhere.

I have a fine quario of the "Whole Duty of Man. dated 1686, in perfect condition, except for the marks of age, on the covers. Is it of any value F. N. Frost.

In Livingston's "Auction Prices of Books" occu hree recent sales of the work, none of this 169 quarto, but they may serve to give some idea of the value. The London octavo edition of 1659-60, together with Private Devotions, morocco, with edges, fetched £3 i8s. in April, 1895; the Lou don 1678 octavo, in morocco, was sold for \$12.50 in January, 1897; the Williamsburg duodecimo of 1746, sheep, brought \$7.50 in January, 1895. A me

In a recent article there occurred the phrass "swearing like the army in Flanders." Be so kind as to apprise me as to the origin of this expression EDWARD K. DAVIS.

s indebted to Tobias Shandy, Esq., late Captain H. M. foot under the Duke of Mariborough in the campaigns in Flanders. The saying has been pre-served with much other agreeable matter in the Rev. Laurence Sterne's narrative concerning Capt. Shandy's nephew, which bears the title, "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent."

Please tell me in what poem the lines occur There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Neth erby clan:
Fosters, Fenwicks and Musgraves they rode and they ran.
H. F. S. So daring in love and so dauntiess in war Have you e'er heard of gallant like young

Who is the author of the lines While the sunset in the west Gilds the worst and grays the best SUSAN KELLER. They occur in a poem by Mary F. Robinson, once

circulated under the title "The Gate

Can any reader supply the poem about the whal-ing skipper who had been away for years and when asked what he had in the way of oil and bone answered no to all questions, but when he was saked what he did have replied; "A damned fine, sail"?

TWO PLAYS BY OSCAR WILDE. Florentine Tragedy" and "Sale

Given Privately in London. LONDON, June 30 .- THE SUN had some thing to say recently about an American play produced in London with every external sign of success at its first performance and shortly afterward withdrawn The fact is, of course, that although the London playgoing public is a large one the portion which considers the drama seriously as an art is relatively very small.

only, and of the regular London productions especially the popular successes, there are not many which such playgoers care to see To see a poor play or a poor performance once or twice matters little, except for the poredom; but to see poor plays frequently debases one's standard of taste. In the endeavor to avoid bad plays fastidious playgoers sometimes miss a good one. In general, however, these critical

folk, whose standard of taste has been

formed largely in Paris and Berlin, are safe

in assuming that it will not pay a London

manager to produce the things they care to

It suffices to fill a playhouse a few times

Once, therefore, they just stood aloof and sniffed haughtily, but of late years they have done something more, intelligent They have formed themselves into asso tions and produced the desirable plays, just one or two performances, for their own edification.

The newest of these associations is the Literary Theatre Club, and its latest productions are two tragedies by Oscar Wilde, "A Florentine Tragedy" and "Salome. It is difficult to say which is the more harrow ing, but both are calculated to make your soul turn gray.

Several people, presumably those having souls, could not bear the stress of this double performance. They made unseemly exits at impressive moments. George Bernard Shaw was one of those who endured

to the end. "A Florentine Tragedy," given for the first time, was in the nature of a hors d'aurre Simone, a Florentine merchant, comes home and surprises his young wife in the company of a young nobleman. You know that some body is going to be killed, but you have to wait a long time while Simone fools both the young man and his wife; plays upon their eelings, and on yours; reassures them, but not you.

Finally Simone challenges the gallant and kills him, stabs him horribly; and then he turns to his wife. "Now for the other."

The girl, who has hitherto seen in her husband only a prosaic and elderly merchant to whom she had been married for the sake of his money, is filled with admiration

"Why," she cries, as the dagger is about to crash down upon her, "why did you not tell me you were so strong?" He, realizing for the first time what this woman is, will now be to him, lets his

dagger fall to the ground, exclaiming: "Why did you not tell me you were

eautiful?" The curtain rattles down and the audience simply gasps. The paradox involved is being much discussed. In "Salome" you know more or less what

to expect in the way of violent death, the head of John the Baptist, at least; but the play has the immense attraction of being in Great Britain a forbidden one. In conti nental Europe it has a great vogue, especially in Berlin, but when some years ago Sarah Bernhardt, for whom it was originally written, wanted to produce it in London the censor of plays, the Lord High Chamherlain, refused on religious grounds to grant a license.

If you like to produce it privately that is your own affair, but you may not take money at the doors from the general public. Invite as many as you like, or elect people on payment of some small sum to be temporary members of your association and beneath their shields Salome, daughter of then charge them for their seats. This is legal. In America it may seem absurd, but here it is a most useful law, preservin to the nation an odor of sanctity, providing the Lord High Chamberlain with an excuse for his existence, and safeguarding you

against his conceivably excessive zeal It must now be admitted apologetically that "Salome" is not so very dreadful. It is, however, the most intensely dramatic play that Wilde ever wrote, and it contains incidentally some of the finest and most for funds to fit his men out with brand imaginative writing of this master of the

English language. The phrasing is sumptuous, often con veying as it were a rich exotic atmosphere. affecting all the senses. You seem to be aware of luscious Oriental perfumes and of

gorgeous orchids. Last year, when the play was produced for the first time in England by the New Stage Club, so many of the actors were amateurish and the accessories and space so inadequate that the piece failed of much of its effect. Now, at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, the stage was big enough, and the acting, notably the performances of Robert Farquharson as Herod and Miss Darragh as Salome, in the main very good

indeed. Beautiful costumes, falling into, con trasting with and enhancing a general color scheme of blue, were specially de signed by Charles Ricketts, the well known artist, and a rather dim lighting gave the requisite air of mystery.

The scene, lit by the moon, is a great terrace in the palace of Herod, set above the banqueting hall. At the left is the prison of Iokanaan (John the Baptist) an old well or cistern, surrounded by a wall of green bronze. His guards, some soldiers, are leaning over the balcony and

talking. The evening banquet, at which an envoy from Cæsar is being entertained, is just over and to the terrace presently comes Salome. seeking to escape the eyes of Herod, Tetrarch

of Judæa. "I will not stay. I cannot stay. Why does the Tetrarch look at me all the while with his mole's eyes under his shaking evelids? It is strange that the husband of my mother looks at me like that! know not what it means. In truth, yes, Herod, having caused his brother to be

his wife, the notorious Herodias, has now cast his eyes upon his niece and stepchild. Salome, Princess of Judgea. From the well the prophet's voice in heard, and Salome, curious and attracted, demands that he be brought before her. The soldiers dare not obey, and Salome turns to their captain, a young Syrian,

who loves her. With him she prevails,

and lokangan curses her as the daughter of

strangled in order that he might marry

Salome, fascinated by his beauty, begs with a wealth of Oriental imagery that she may be allowed to touch him, his

prison; and Herod, Herodias, Tigellinus (Casar's envoy) and others come

The pallid, gross Tetrarch, crowned with flowers, is ill at ease this evening. He is too hot, too cold, boastful and afraid. He fancies that he hears the sound of mighty wings.

He drinks, and will not drink. He flatters Cosar's envoy and exalts himself: insults Herodias; says lokanaan's denunciations are not meant for him; thinks the prophet may be a holy man, and looks continually

at Salome, sitting moodily apart.

He beseeches Salome to dance for him offering her finally whatever she may desire, even to the half of his kingdom; and at this Salome rises:

"Will you indeed give me whatsoever I shall ask, Tetrarch?" He swears it by his life, by his crown,

by his gods. Herodias commands her daughter not to dance, but Salome dances, and then, as n the Bible, demands as her reward that the head of lokanaan be brought to her in a silver charger.

Now Herodias is delighted. "Ah! that is well said, my daughter." But Herod is confounded, and there ensues for the audience a long period of suspense while the Tetrarch offers Salome all his treasures, a marvellous description-anything rather than what she has asked.

Whenever he pauses Salome reiterates "Give me the head of nonotonously, Iokanaan": and finally Herod, sinking back exhausted, says, "Let her be given what she asks! Of a truth she is her mother's Herodias draws from his hand the ring

of death and gives it to a soldier, who straightway bears it to Raaman, the executioner, a huge negro, who has stood in the background, dark, ominous and silent, throughout all that precedes. Raaman bows and goes into the well, and Salome leans over it to listen. "There is no sound. I hear nothing.

Why does he not cry out, this man?" She is the only one who speaks, and with long pauses. There comes the sound of a sword falling to the ground and Salome, fearing that Raaman has not dared to kill the prophet, orders others to go; but all recoil from her. Then there comes forth from the well

the executioner's huge black arm, bearing on a silver shield the head of lokanaan Herod hides his face with his cloak. Herodias smiles and fans herself. Some Nazarenes present fall on their knees and begin to pray. Salome seizes the head. "Ah! thou

wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan! Well, I will kiss it now The long and strangely beautiful lament which follows, wherein Salome pours forth her passion, her resentment and her hopeless love, conflicts with and subordinates

should be so is surely a remarkable tribute to the writer's skill. But Herod is a prey to terror. He orders the torches to be put out. "I will not look at things, I will not suffer things to look at

one's violent physical disgust, and that this

The slaves put out the torches and a great black cloud crosses the moon and conceals it completely. The stage becomes very dark and Herod begins to ascend stairway which leads to the palace. In the darkness is heard again the voice of Salome. "Ah! I have kissed thy mouth

Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth. There

was a bitter taste on thy lips. Was it the

taste of blood? But perchance it is the

taste of love. They say that love hath a bitter taste. But what of that? What of that? I have kissed thy mouth, Io kanaan. A moonbeam falls on Salome, covering her with light, and Herod, turning around and

seeing her, cries out: "Kill that woman." Then the soldiers rush forward and crush Herodias, Princess of Judsea.

STORIES OF "K. OF K." Lord Kitchener of Khartum Generally

Has His Own Way A few months ago "K. of K."-as the British have nicknamed Lord Kitchener of Khartum-found himself engaged in a prolonged discussion with the commandant of a native corps in India who had applied

new uniforms. The application was refused, only to be put forward again more urgently than ever. After this had happened several times, says the Grand Magazine, "K.'s' patience became exhausted, and he sent word to say that he would come and inspect

the corps himself. The Colonel rubbed his hands with delight, and on the appointed day carefully instructed his dusky warriors to don their oldest and most ragged garments, in order to furnish a practical demonstration of their sartorial requirements. The commandant was reckoning without his host, however, for Lord Kitchener had no sooner run his critical eye down the ranks than he saw through the other's little device. A grim smile played about the corners of

his mouth. "Ah, Col. Jones," he exclaimed heartily, "I congratulate you on the appearance of your men. They're in the pink of condition -positively bursting through their uniforms!

When Lord Kitcheser once makes up his mind about anything it requires a very determined will indeed to turn him from his nurpose. On one occasion a difference of opinion had arisen as to the amount of money he might expend on the conveyance of stores to the front. He wanted a couple of thousand pounds for the purpose, but a niggardly pay department at home pro-

tested that the estimate was much too high.

"Can't do it for less," was the laconic response telegraphed to Pall Mall.

This, however, only evoked a reply that he would not be allowed more than a quarter of the sum asked for. To everybody's intense surprise "K." wired back, "All right!" and proceeded to carry out the work he was engaged on.

When the expedition was over, however, the Treasury officials were electrified to receive from its organizer a bill reading as follows

as follows *1. To conveyance of military stores,

as per estimate, £500.

*2. To supplementary expenses, £1,500. Ontario Rules for Automobilists.

From the Detroit Free Press.
Among the laws pissed by the Ontario Legislature at the session just ended is one of a drastic nature regulating automobiling in Ontario, which should interest American

The new law provides that numbers are

be five inches long on front and back and no

tourists.

number other than that issued by the provincial secretary is to be carried. hair, his body. She begs that she may kiss his mouth, declares her love for him; and the young Syrian captain, mad with jealousy, stabs himself to death.

In the pleading, passionate girl the prophet sees only an incarnation of evil. Again and again her love has flashed into anger and her endearments into account and now she swears that she will some day kiss his mouth. Jokanaan is led back to his of accident the onus of proof is on the auto

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